

Boston. Oct 17. 1837

Tuesday morning.

Dear Debora,

I write a few lines because I suppose you will expect them, rather than because I have much to say. The Annual meeting was held on Wed at 39 Hanover street, the place where hygeum lectures are some times given. It was a free meeting more than 200 being present. Maria's report was unanimously accepted, all seeming highly delighted. I must say I was surprised at their grit for it was a very spicy affair. The Free church matters were fully discussed & this was I suppose rather bitter to poor Mary Parker. A Board meeting is to be held at Maria's tomorrow to see about the publication of it. - Ann & Henry's marriage took place on Thursday last. Henry & Maria & Lirry were there. no one else save all Wendell's brothers & sisters and Mary B. & Henry who acted as bride maid & bridesman as far as any were needed. Ann was dressed in an embroidered muslin with pink scarf & belt & looked very pretty. John married them & did it very well too according to Maria's account. The happy pair started in the afternoon (they were married on at 11 in the morning) for Framingham in the cars where they have remained ever since very cozily. Mrs Allen was left in Boston. The old lady Phillips entire poss behaved like a perfect Dragon. But of that when we meet. I suppose you have seen in the papers the news of Oliver Torrey's death. The poor fellow seems very much lamented. He has left a mother & 3 little sisters who were entirely dependent on him. There was a sort of collection made by Whitwell & Bond, or rather by Bond in order to pay his funeral expenses. The Chapmans gave \$10. Oliver had first a slow fever, & then a typhus which carried him off. Thus two who were

at our party are gone. I cannot think but that
they have met here now." - Warren went down
to Weymouth Saturday with Henry Corning & on
Sunday afternoon Ma & Pa brought him in. His business
has obliged him to be out a good deal of late but
we design to make arrangements to prevent
this in future. How long Ma will stay I don't know.
She means to send you some preserved peaches in case
she can get a chance. Dr. Farnsworth was here Saturday
& wanted me to go back to Boston with him to hear
Garrison but I did not feel as if I could leave. Aunt
Mary is over to Cambridge passing the week. Mr. Over
is gone to Philadelphia. I went to Mrs. Mack's on
Saturday & dined. She is well & sitting on the principle
recognised in Mucklebach's cottage. After dinner
I went to Sylvia's & staid till Monday morning. They
seem to be enjoying John's absence much. Sylvanus
& his wife were there part of the time and
I think him much inferior in manners to Warren.
His wife I like. She asked for you quite sincerely.
Yesterday my book came from New York for which I
desire to be thankful. No additions came from Dr.
& Mrs. Follen but both of them were very respectable.
I was well pleased with them. I have had letters
from Beniah Green & Gerrit Smith. Beniah's is
mere ramble ramble. Gerrit's does very well. It is
on slave labour products. I am going to take it
direct to Garrison. We had a letter from Harvey a
day or two since by which he seems to be doing
well. I received from Mr. Conyden the money & letters.
He staid an hour here, & I like him very well tho'
he is certainly a little odd. I think of going out to
Cambridge & staying a few days the last of the
week. Lucia is out to Weymouth keeping house
for Pa. I am now pretty well, having only a cold
my head. My lungs are getting stronger, my cough
having quite stopped. Caroline's cold is nearly well &
she thinks of going out to Roxbury to night to
hear John Everett lecture. I am going to have you
love your dollar a day but of course glad to have
you back again this winter. It is as well there

preparatory to scattering next spring, we should
have one quiet winter together. Lucretia goes
tomorrow. She seems very comfortable in mind,
but I have some misgivings. But I must leave
it all. I have not seen Mr Phelps since his
return.

ever yrs Anne.

I was thinking when I first began that
I had written you since I wrote by Mr
Phelps, which will account for my saying
I had nothing to say.

Miss Debora Weston.

Mansion House.

New Bedford.

Politeness of Mr Congdon.